

History Readers of the Old North-West

TALES OF THE MOUNTED POLICE

G. M. DUNLOP, M.A.



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Provincial Normal School, Camrose, Alberta

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FOREWORD TO TEACHERS

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THERE has been a long-felt want for easy reading material for pupils in Grade V. To meet this need, particularly in History, a series of History Readers of the old North-West has been planned. The manuscripts for this series have been prepared by G. M. Dunlop, M.A., Camrose Normal School, who has combined a successful experience in Normal School teaching with considerable research in his subject. Before publication each manuscript has been placed in the hands of the Grade V pupils of the Camrose Practice School, and all changes necessary to bring the readers well within the reading ability of this grade have been made.

It is not intended that the readers replace teaching, but rather supplement interesting and forceful classroom presentations. A supply of each title should be placed in the library to be read by the pupils in connection with the practical exercises and projects which are assigned as the work of the year progresses.

A large note-book in which the student may do the study and other exercises suggested in the readers will be found to guide and motivate seatwork, particularly in the rural school.

Interesting classroom presentations supplemented by reading and project work such as is contained in and suggested by the readers, will assure a useful and interesting year's work in this grade.

The author wishes to thank Miss J. McKinnon, Grade V room teacher of the Normal Practice School, Camrose, for the thorough testing of this material in her class, and also Miss McKinnon's pupils for the careful and appreciative reading which they have given these stories.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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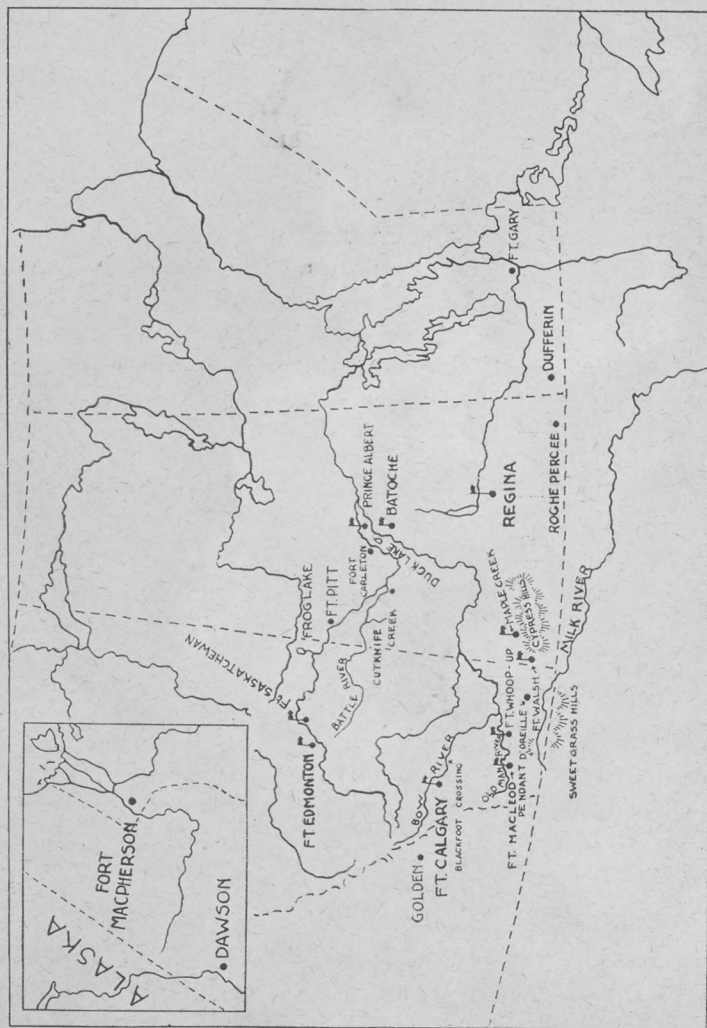
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Police Posts and Indian Reserves in the Northwest

CHAPTER 1.

In Barracks

• • •

It was the morning of July 15, 1933. The rays of the early sun threw long shadows across the parade ground, about which lay the barracks of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Small groups of policemen chattered at the doors of the buildings, or walked slowly about enjoying the cool morning air. A scarlet-coated trumpeter marched to the centre of the square. He raised his gleaming trumpet to his lips. Its stirring call rose to die slowly away. Into the square walked a sergeant, his sleeve bright with golden stripes, and his breast lined with ribbons. At the call of the trumpet the policemen hurried to form two long lines. From the further side of the square a knot of officers slowly advanced.

The voice of the sergeant rose in command, "Squad . . . 'tion!" (Attention). The men brought their heels smartly together and stood erect, looking before them.

A slim corporal stepped to the front. His eyes ran down the long lines. Quickly he called the roll, to which each man answered sharply as his name was called. This done the corporal turned to the sergeant, "All present and on parade," he said.

The sergeant turned smartly and marched towards Superintendent Hendry, the officer who awaited him. As he neared the officer he came to the halt, brought his heels together with a snap and saluted.

"All present and on parade, sir!" he reported.

"Good, sergeant," came the quiet response, as the superintendent returned the salute. He walked slowly towards the ranks of men. "You will carry on with the usual day's work. The assistant-commissioner wants to see smarter riding. I will take the ride at half-past eight." Then turn-

ing to the sergeant, "That is all. Carry on with the work. Have the ride ready to move off at eight-thirty."

"Yes, sir!" answered the sergeant, saluting.

The superintendent again returned the salute and strolled slowly back to his quarters. As he walked along he saw the head and shoulders of a young boy of twelve years who was leaning out of an upstairs window. It was his son, William, who had just arrived with Mrs. Hendry from Toronto the day before. He had been in school there during the winter.

"Good morning, Bill," said Mr. Hendry. "How do you like living in a police barracks?"

The young boy was watching the scarlet-coated police break their ranks. His eyes turned to his father in pride. "Oh, dad, let me stay here with you and mother. I don't want to go back to school. I want to be a policeman, too."

"Well, Bill, we will see what your mother thinks about it," was the answer. "Hurry down to breakfast."

Soon Mrs. Hendry, a pleasant-faced lady of about forty years, Bill and the superintendent took their places at the breakfast table. "Bill tells me that he would like to stay in Regina," said Mr. Hendry to his wife. "He wants to become a policeman."

Mrs. Hendry smiled at her son. "I really believe that he would get along just as well in the Regina schools. Then we could have him with us all the time."

"Oh, fine! fine!" cried Bill. "Then I can live here in the barracks all the time. Thanks father, thanks mother!"

"Not so fast," said his father. "We will decide what is to be done. Now run along."

"May I watch the police drilling?" was the eager question.

"Yes, but be sure not to get in their way." The boy hurried away.

Late that morning the ride was returning to the barracks. Bill found a place near the gate where he could watch. At the head rode his father on a beautiful black horse. After him came the police, riding in fours, their buckles and buttons shining in the sun. Each man held himself erect as if proud of the scarlet coat which he wore. Even the horses pranced and lifted their feet daintily. On they came, through the gate and into the parade ground.

They formed in two long lines. The superintendent dismissed them and then dismounted. His horse was led away. Then he noticed his son standing nearby, his eyes bright with excitement. "Oh, ho! Bill, have you been looking around this morning?"

"Oh, I like living here, father," answered the boy. "I like the barracks, the police and their horses."

His father laughed. "Oh, sergeant-major!" he called. The sergeant-major walked forward and saluted.

"I want you to know my son," said the officer, returning the salute. "Sergeant-major, this is Bill. Bill, I want you to know one of our oldest and best policemen, Sergeant-major Strong."

The policeman shook Bill by the hand. "Well, how do you like the barracks, Bill?"

"I like living here very much," was the answer. "I want to be a policeman when I grow up."

The two men laughed. "That may come, too," said the sergeant-major. "In the meantime you should know what we are doing. Would you like to take a walk with me through the stables?"

Bill eagerly agreed and off the two started. "Strong will show him about," said Mr. Hendry to a young inspector who stood nearby. "Now we must see the assistant-commissioner. There is trouble in the north."

That evening, after eating his dinner, Bill rose to leave the room. "Where are you going, Bill?" asked his mother.

"Sergeant-major Strong told me that I could come to the sergeant's mess tonight. He is going to tell me about the early days of the Police."

"Let him go," said Mr. Hendry smiling. "Strong is just the man to take care of him. He likes boys."

Soon Bill was admitted to the room in which the sergeants had their meals. They were all smoking. Bill was given a chair near Strong.

"Here is our new policeman, men," said Strong. "This is Superintendent Hendry's son. He tells me that he is going to join the force when he grows up."

The men laughed and soon the boy felt at home in the friendly group. "Let me see, Bill," said the sergeant-major, "I promised to tell you about the march west, did I not?"

"Yes, please," responded Bill. "I would like to know about the early days of the Police."

"Well," said one of the younger sergeants, "If you are going to tell 'yarns' about the early days, Strong, I would like to listen too." Some of the younger men nodded their heads.

"Go on, Strong. Fill your pipe and let's have your story."

The old sergeant-major smiled, pleased that some of the men were going to listen as well as Bill. He lit his pipe and started his story.

The March West

Keep in mind that I did not join the Police until 1895. I heard the story of the march west from the old policemen who were in the Force when I was a young man.

You may remember that in 1870 the settlers in the west began to complain. The buffalo were being killed at a rapid rate. The Indians found it harder and harder to get a living. They turned to fur trapping and hunting, selling

their catch to the fur companies in return for food and clothes. Then the whisky traders came to trade them "fire water" in return for their furs. The Indians cannot drink whisky without becoming a danger to all about them. Horse stealing became common. Settlers were robbed, and some were even murdered.

In 1872 General Robertson-Ross was sent by the government to study conditions. He reported that a body of mounted policemen was needed to bring law and order to the north-west. On May the 20th, 1873, the House of Commons at Ottawa passed an Act which brought the North-West Mounted Police into being.

They started taking on men in the autumn of 1873. In October they had one hundred and fifty men, making up A, B and C divisions or troops. These were sent west to Fort Garry in Manitoba. The first commissioner was Colonel French, a hard man but a good soldier. He decided that he must have more men. So troops D, E and F were added to the Force. They came west by train through Chicago. The two forces met at Dufferin, in Manitoba, on the 19th of June, 1874.

A few days afterwards Colonel French ordered them to form in line. He came before the ranks of men with his second-in-command, Assistant-Commissioner Macleod. The order was given to stand at ease; then he spoke: "Men, I wish to talk to you today as man to man. We will be in Dufferin only for a short time. Then we must start west to reach the country where we are needed. It will be no picnic. We must travel more than a thousand miles. Many thousands of warlike Indians await us. We will have trouble getting supplies and water. I hear that the whisky traders are building forts and will fight us. I would not blame any man for fearing what the next few months may bring. Today I want to put this question to you: if any man here feels that he has made a mistake in joining the Police, he may yet leave. No one will blame him. Those who wish to leave the Force, two paces . . . forward!"

There was a deep silence. Then, here and there, a man stepped forward. Almost all, however, held their ranks. The ones who wished to quit were taken away by Colonel Macleod. They were paid off at once.

"Thank you, men," went on the commissioner. "Now we must understand one another. We are soldiers going forward to certain danger. We must be prepared. Tomorrow we shall start strict training. You will find that we are hard on the man who makes trouble. On the other hand the man who works hard may hope to find gold stripes on his sleeve in a very short time."

The next day saw drill started in earnest. Sergeant Steele trained the men in riding. They practiced shooting with both rifles and revolvers. They marched until they were almost ready to drop. But they looked forward keenly to the day when they would start their work of policing the plains.

The march west started on July 10th, 1874. They must have been a smart looking body of troops. Each division had horses of a different color. A troop had dark bay horses; D had grays and E blacks. Besides the policemen there were seventy-three waggons and one hundred and fourteen red river carts of supplies, as well as a herd of cattle to provide them with meat. Every man was eager for the march though all feared the Indians. I don't think many of them slept well that night.

All went well until we reached Roche Percee, nearly three hundred miles from Dufferin. There Inspector Jarvis was sent north with a troop. He was to make his way to far-away Fort Edmonton.

The main force pressed on over the plains. They reached the Cypress Hills on August the 24th. The march had been across a barren land. The sun-baked plain was hot in the daytime and cold at night. Water was scarce. Here and there were the whitening bones and skulls of the buffalo. Stories came in of Blackfoot war parties waiting,

just out of sight, to fall upon them. Our commissioner was not happy. He said afterwards that he feared that the Force would not reach its journey's end before winter came. He had learned that, at the same time the year before, the Cypress Hills had been buried under a foot of snow.

The Force now headed south towards the Sweet Grass Hills. There good grass and water awaited the horses. Then Colonel French and Colonel Maclead rode, with a small party, to Fort Benton in Montana. They brought back more supplies. On their return Macleod was ordered



Arrival at Whoop-up

to press on with the troops while the Commissioner returned to found the police headquarters in Manitoba.

The remaining troops advanced into the heart of the Blackfoot country. More and more Macleod trusted to the one able scout, the half-breed Jerry Potts. Day after day they plodded on, their horses getting thinner as they went. They were now well into the country of the whisky traders. Settlers told them that these men had built forts and armed them with cannon. They intended to fight the Police rather than give up their trade. One of the most talked-of forts was Fort Whoop-up, where the Indians traded their furs for whisky.

One evening as the Police were nearing the end of their day's travel Colonel Macleod sent for the guide. When the half-breed rode up the Colonel said, "Well, Potts, are we near Whoop-up yet?"

Jerry turned his pony and pointed. There in the deep river valley far below was a long square palisade with buildings inside.

"There is Fort Whoop-up," answered the scout.

The whole column drew themselves erect when the order came: "Load your rifles, men. Get ready for action."

Then, "Forward!" Down the hill they rode at the gallop, expecting at any moment to hear the crash of rifles from the loop holes of the fort. Not a sound was heard.

"Knock at the gate!" ordered the leader. A thundering of a rifle butt at the wooden door was answered only by echoes. The whisky fortress had been deserted. The traders had heard of the coming of the Police and left Whoop-up without firing a shot.

Now the assistant-commissioner had reached the centre of the land which he was to rule. He had to prepare for winter. The men and horses had to be sheltered before the fierce blizzards of the west should start. Jerry Potts led them to a good place for their new home. It was on low land on the banks of the Old Man river, near where

the town of Macleod is today. There Colonel Macleod set his men to work building their log fort. They worked hard for they found the November nights chilly in their thin canvas tents. First the stables were built; then the barracks for the men, with kitchen and hospital. Last of all quarters for the officers were erected. These buildings were in the form of a square. Outside them was a palisade of wood pierced by loopholes.

The police now moved into their new home. It was high time, for within a week the ground was covered with snow to the depth of three feet. The men were weary of steady travel and work. Their clothes were in tatters. Yet there was little grumbling as they took up their quarters in their new home which was called Fort Macleod.

Some Blackfeet and Blood chiefs paid visits to Colonel Macleod. He returned them, dressed in full uniform, and with a strong body of Police at his back. The Indians liked his grave and earnest manner. On Christmas day a feast was held at the Fort. The Indian chiefs for miles around were invited to come. After the dinner Macleod ordered a gunner to train a cannon on a tree across the river. The chiefs looked at it with interest. Crash! the tree was gone. "Kai! Yours in strong medicine!" exclaimed one of the leading chiefs. The peaceful conquest of the west had begun.

• • •

The mess room was almost in darkness when the sergeant-major finished his story.

"Oh, thanks," cried Bill. "That was a very interesting story. Tell me, why do you call the Police the Royal Canadian Mounted Police today? You said that they were called the North-West Mounted Police when they were started?"

"At first we were the North-West Mounted Police" was the answer. "Then the Queen gave us the right to add Royal to our name because of our good service. During

the Great War we worked in different parts of Canada, as well as policing the west. Our name was then changed to Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Today we police six of the nine provinces of Canada as well as the Arctic."

"Oh, I see," said Bill. "What happened after Fort Macleod was built?"

Through the barracks came the cry, "Sergeant-major!" and a young policeman appeared at the door. "Oh, Strong, Superintendent Hendry is looking for his son."

"Run along, my boy," said the old soldier, smiling at Bill. "Some other day I may tell you more of what happened at old Fort Macleod."

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. What conditions in the west led to the formation of the R.N.W.M.P.?
2. What did Colonel Macleod do in order to win the respect of the Indians?
3. Write an editorial which might have appeared in an Ottawa paper about the time of the organization of the Police.
4. Write an imaginary diary of a policeman making the march west. Show the dangers which the men expected to meet.

THINGS TO DO

1. Draw a map of the march west.
2. Make a model of a red river cart.

CLASS PROJECT

A Police Post, based on Fort Macleod.

Prepare a large space on a table or on the floor at the rear of the class room. Using earth or sand show a plain near the Old Man river, with hills rising behind it. For the river use a pane of glass or a mirror.

Note to Teachers.—Valuable illustrations will be found in the following books, which should aid the pupils in executing these assignments:

Burt—Romance of the Prairie Provinces. Longstreth—The Silent Force. Haydon. Macbeth.

CHAPTER 2.

Red Coats and Red Skins

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The next day was Sunday. After morning parade and stable duty was over the bugles sounded for church parade. Some of the men formed in line and marched to the little church built near the barracks. Bill went with his mother and father. Afterwards they enjoyed their quiet lunch together.

"Father," said Bill, "Could I ask a question about the Police?"

"What is it, Bill?"

"The sergeant-major told us about the coming of the Police last night. What happened after Fort Macleod was built?"

"Perhaps we had better wait until after lunch, my boy," was the answer. "When we go into the sitting room I will answer any questions you wish to ask."

After lunch a knock was heard at the front door. The maid opened it and in came a smiling young officer. "Good day, Murray. Come right in," said Mr. Hendry. "You know Mrs. Hendry, of course."

"Rather," was the answer, as the visitor bowed to his smiling hostess. "How are you today, Mrs. Hendry?"

"And this is my son, Bill. Bill, I want you to know Inspector Murray. He is almost as keen on the Police as you are."

The inspector shook hands with the boy. "Well, Murray, I was just going to sit down and let Bill ask questions about the early days of the Force. I am glad you dropped in. You will be able to help me answer them."

"That should be good fun, sir," responded Inspector Murray. "You must remember, though, that I did not join the Police until ten years ago. You will have to do most of the work."

Soon they were seated in comfortable chairs by the windows which looked out over the parade grounds. "All ready, Bill. You may ask any questions you wish."

"That is kind of you, father. I hope that Inspector Murray will not mind."

"Not at all," was the answer. "I shall enjoy it, too. Go ahead."

"Last night the sergeant-major told us of the march west. He described the building of Fort Macleod. What happened after that?"

"I shall do my best to tell you, Bill," said the superintendent. "When I forget perhaps Murray will give me his aid. Well, here we go!"

Beginning the Policing of the Plains

Even while building Fort Macleod, the police had started their work. Colonel Macleod sent out several small patrols of two or more men to check the trade in whisky with the Indians. Then the traders left their forts. They placed their wares in waggons and set out after the Indians. When they met them they traded the liquor for furs and buffalo robes.

One Indian named Three Bulls told of a whisky trader by the name of Bond. Inspector Crozier took ten men and started in pursuit. After a hot chase of fifty miles they overtook him. He had a party of five men and two waggons.

"What have you under the blankets?" was Crozier's question.

"None of your business!" snarled the trader. "Why don't you police stay at Fort Macleod where you belong? Why are you . . ."

"Seize them, men," snapped the inspector. Bond and his men did not offer fight. Soon their guns were taken away from them. A search of the waggons showed that

they had two cases of whisky and some buffalo robes with them.

"I arrest you and your men, Bond, on two charges. First, you have whisky in your waggon. Second, you have traded with the Indians for their buffalo robes."

A heavy fine and the loss of the whisky made Bond and other traders feel that the old care-free days were over. The Police meant to see that the law was kept. By New Year's Day Colonel Macleod was able to report to Commissioner French that the whisky trade was almost at an end.



Uniforms of the Police in 1874

One morning word came to the fort that there was trouble further east. The whisky traders had built a fort in the Cypress Hills. There they were trading whisky for furs as they had before the Police came west.

A meeting of the officers was held. "Inspector Walsh," said Colonel Macleod, "I have chosen you to put down the trade in whisky in the Cypress Hills. You will take B Troop. Build a small fort and drive those peddlers out of the country."

In a very short time Walsh reported that he had been successful. Fort Walsh, as the new fort was named, had done its work. The traders had been forced across the border into the United States.

The Indian chiefs were very pleased with the change which the Police had made. Before the Force came west the chiefs had found it hard to control their young warriors. Since their coming it had become easier. Crowfoot, the greatest chief of the Blackfeet, once said: "If the Police had not come to the country, where would we all be now? Bad men and whisky were killing us so fast that very few of us would have been left today. The Police have protected us as the feathers of the bird protect it from the frosts of winter."

The Indians were learning to trust the Police. Old Red Crow said of Colonel Macleod, "Since that time, (the coming of the Police) he has made me many promises. He kept them all—not one of them was ever broken. Everything that the Police have done has been good."

But they did not always have an easy time. The Indians found it hard to obey the law when they had been free to do as they pleased so long. Once two of Red Crow's warriors killed some cows belonging to a white settler. One of the Indians was called Prairie Chicken Old Man. A sergeant and a constable were sent out to arrest them. They came to the Indian camp, picked out their men and placed the handcuffs on them. Then the trouble started. The

other braves and the squaws rushed to the spot. There was a roar of anger and the two prisoners were taken away from the policemen. What could the sergeant and constable do? The constable drew his revolver.

"Put that away, you fool!" growled the sergeant. "Do you want to fight the whole tribe?"

Back to Fort Macleod went the two angry policemen. Superintendent Steele met them at the gate and led them to his office. "Well, sergeant, where are your two men?" he asked in his deep voice.

The sergeant gave his report.

"Well done, sergeant! You showed good sense. If you had started shooting you would have lost your lives. It might have been the start of much trouble. I will try to settle the matter without the shedding of blood. Ask Inspector Wood to see me at once."

When Inspector Wood arrived Steele explained the whole situation to him. "Take Jerry Potts and twenty men with you. Try to get your men without shooting, but . . . get . . . your . . . men!"

Inspector Wood led his men to a point half a mile away from Red Crow's camp. "Jerry, go to Red Crow and tell him that we must have the two prisoners and those who helped them to escape from the policemen who arrested them."

Soon Potts returned. "Red Crow is thinking the matter over. He will send you a message telling you what he thinks should be done."

Wood answered sharply. "Tell Red Crow that we must have the two men and those who helped them to escape within an hour. Tell him that he must bring them out to us himself. If he does not do so within an hour we will ride in and take them. What happens then will be on his head, not mine."

Potts took back the message. There was a storm of shouting when Red Crow told his braves. Rifles were fired. Speeches were made. The young men wished to fight.

Behind the hill, half a mile away, the minutes slipped slowly past. Wood stood looking at his watch. His heart was heavy for he knew that he must attack the camp if the prisoners were not sent out.

At last he slipped his watch into his pocket. His men, seeing him move, were on the alert. "Mount, men and get ready for action." The twenty troopers swung into the saddle. "I am afraid that we will have to go into the camp and get our men," he said. "See that your rifles are ready."

Just then a lonely Indian came slowly over the hill from the camp. After him came another and another. At last, Red Crow, himself, came into sight. Inspector Wood was delighted. He had not looked forward to attacking the camp with any pleasure.

The prisoners were taken to Fort Macleod. Superintendent Steele took his place at a desk in one of the large rooms. Before him appeared the Indians who had aided the prisoners to escape. He talked to them sharply and warned them to leave the Police alone in the future. Then Red Crow was called into the room. He remained standing while the two killers of cattle were dragged forward in handcuffs. Steele ordered them to be locked up until they could be tried. Later they were sent to prison for six months.

At last Steele turned to Red Crow. "You could have stopped this trouble had you wished. You could have kept your braves back when they wanted to take the prisoners from the Police. Now you have been brought before me. I should punish you. I will not this time. Let this be a lesson to you. When you see a policeman doing his duty, leave him alone!" Steele raised his voice as he ended his speech and looked fiercely at the old chief. Red Crow caused no more trouble.

The most important work done by the Police was keeping the Indians at peace. By 1877 the buffalo herds had grown too small to keep them in food. Farther east the government had given reserves of land to the Indians. In return they had to give up their former care-free life of roaming the plains and live on the reserves. The government had given them yearly payments of money and helped them start farming and ranching. The problem in the far west had now become dangerous. The war-loving Blackfeet, Bloods and Piegiens roamed about in search of food which had become scarce. They were tempted to kill and eat the settlers' cattle. Order came from Ottawa to try to get these tribes to go on reserves.

Colonel Macleod was now commissioner of the Police, as French had retired. Macleod knew that trouble and danger to the Police would result if he could not get the tribes to live on reserves. So he travelled about, himself talking with the great Indian chiefs.

Macleod was a tall handsome man. The Indians had named him Bull's Head because he was as strong and brave as a buffalo bull. He had won the name of being honest in his dealings with the Indians. Now he found them ready to listen to him when he talked of their going on reserves.

At last, on the 17th of September, 1877, he called a great meeting of the Indians. They met at Blackfoot Crossing on the Bow River. The great men of the Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegiens, Sarcees and Assiniboinies were there. For five days the feasting and speech-making went on. At last Lieutenant-Governor Laird spoke. "The Great Mother, across the waters, has heard of her children on the plains. She wishes red men and white to live in peace together. She has sent the Police to protect you from the whisky traders. You know how well they have done their work. Now the Great Mother has sent Colonel Macleod and myself to talk to you. The buffalo are almost gone. Soon they will be no more. Knowing this she wishes to make a treaty

with you. She will give you lands. She will pay you and your children money every year."

Chief Crowfoot, head chief of the Blackfeet, rose. "We know of the Great Mother and her good work in sending the Police to us. What does she want us to do in return for her kindness?"

"She wants each tribe to take a reserve, a large grant of land, on which they will live. She wants them to grow grain and cattle in order that they will not starve when the buffalo are gone. She will give you plows and cattle and will send you men who will teach you to farm. If you sign the treaty she will give every man, woman and child twelve dollars. Each year afterwards each Indian will receive five dollars. Chiefs will receive a medal, a flag and a suit of clothes. Every third year they will receive another suit. These gifts will go on to yourselves, your children and your children's children as long as the sun shines or the water runs."

The Indian chiefs talked together noisily when the Governor stopped speaking. But Colonel Macleod had done his work well. He had won over the great chiefs before the meeting. They were ready to sign the treaty.

At last Crowfoot rose and wrapped his blanket about him. He told of the kindness of the white people. He spoke of the good work and ended, "I am satisfied, I will sign the treaty."

One after another the chiefs agreed with Crowfoot. Then the treaty was unwrapped. It was a long sheet on which the promises of the government were written. The Governor signed, and then Colonel Macleod. Space was provided opposite the names of the Indian chiefs where they could place their marks.

Crowfoot was the first of the chiefs to come forward. As he placed his mark on the treaty he said, "I am the first to sign. I will be the last to break."

In a short time the treaty was signed. It became known as Treaty Number Seven. It brought a feeling of peace to everyone in the west. None, however, could see the dark days of the Rebellion of 1885 ahead. Even then, when many of the Cree Indians had joined the rebels, not a single Blackfoot took up arms. Crowfoot had spoken the truth. The Blackfeet remained on their reserves.

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Superintendent Hendry yawned. "Sorry, Murray, I am getting to be a long-winded chap."

"Oh, I liked your story, dad," cried Bill. "I want to know more of the work done by the Police."

"Well done, Superintendent," said Inspector Murray. "I was just as interested as Bill."



Colonel Macleod

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. How did the Police put an end to the whisky trade?
2. Why did Crowfoot and Red Crow feel so friendly towards the Police?
3. Why were the Indians placed on reserves?

THINGS TO DO

1. Make a map showing the main Indian reserves of the West.
2. Make a small pasteboard figure of a man. Make and color paper hat, tunic, trousers and boots to dress it as a policeman.
3. Construct or draw a lance, rifle and revolver such as were used by the Police in the early days.

CLASS PROJECT

1. Construct a Police barracks of cardboard. The buildings should form a hollow square about a central parade ground. Erect a flagpole in the centre. Color the barracks to resemble log buildings.
2. Decorate the walls of the school with models of weapons used by the Police.

CHAPTER 3.

Clearing the Way for the C.P.R.

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"Bill," shouted Sergeant-major Strong, "Would you like to come for a ride with us?" The sergeant was seated in a motor. At the wheel was a tall constable.

"Fine, I'll be with you in a moment," called Bill as he dashed into the house for his cap.

Soon the car was speeding along the road which led to the city of Regina. "What are you going to town for?" asked Bill.

"We have to get the mail," said Constable Smith. "Then we must meet the train from the east. Inspector Jensen is coming in from Winnipeg."

After getting the mail the motor drew up to the station. As they waited in the hot summer sun the constable said sleepily, "Glad we have a railway now, sergeant-major. The Police must have had a hard time before the C.P.R. was built."

"It must have been hard work," was the answer. "The older policemen have often told me about it. They said that there was plenty of hard work getting the road built. There were times when they thought that it would never be finished."

"Why?" asked Bill. "What was there to stop them building it?"

"The Indians, my boy," said the old policeman, "and then the workers themselves. The Police had their troubles, I can tell you."

"Won't you tell me about it?" asked Bill.

"Not now. The train should be in at any moment. Oh, Smith, run in and ask if the train will be on time."

The constable stepped out of the car and walked into the station. Soon he returned. "Too bad, sergeant-major.

The engine has developed some trouble. They say that the train may be a trifle late. It will not be more than half an hour."

"Well, we shall have to wait," decided the sergeant-major. "Now what was that question you asked me, Bill?"

"You were going to tell about the troubles met in building the Canadian Pacific Railway across the plains," said Bill. He was delighted that there was time for a story before the train pulled in.

Chief Pie-a-Pot and the C.P.R.

The Indians did not like the railway. Among the Blackfeet the engine was known as a "fire-waggon." They thought that it was a fearful animal which drove the buffalo away. As a result they tried to stop the building of the road.

The men who worked on the railway were not very brave. They had been drawn by good wages from all over eastern Canada. When they saw the Indians in their war paint they feared for their scalps. One of the Indians who caused the C.P.R. some trouble was old Chief Pie-a-pot.

Pie-a-pot was chief of a band of Crees. He had led his tribe from their reserve. They wandered about the plains causing endless worry to the Police. One day he ordered his tribe to pitch their camp some distance ahead of the railway. They settled down as if they had decided to stay in that camp all summer.

On came the railway as the wooden ties were placed and the iron rails spiked into position. At last the workers could go no further. Pie-a-pot was blocking the way. The engineer in charge came forward. "Will you take your people out of the way?" he asked.

Old Pie-a-pot grunted. His warriors drew closer waving their rifles. The engineer hurried away and telegraphed to Regina. A wire was sent at once to the police post at Maple Creek, "Please move the Indians out of the path of the railway."



Pie-a-Pot's Defeat

Two men, a sergeant and a constable, rode up to Pie-a-pot's camp. The Indians were surprised when they saw the scarlet uniforms. They knew that they could not expect to scare policemen away so easily. Pie-a-pot sat in front of his lodge smoking his pipe.

"You are ordered to move your camp out of the path of the railway!" said the sergeant. "The Lieutenant-Governor himself wishes it."

The old chief did not answer. He sat there looking at the ground. Some of his young men pressed about the police, rifles in their hands. Others rode about them firing into the air.

The sergeant did not lose his temper. "I will give you a quarter of an hour," he said, pulling out his watch. "If you have not started to move camp by that time, we will help you."

The old chief smiled as he looked at the two lonely policemen. What could they do against a hundred well-armed braves? The warriors made more noise than ever. The moments passed slowly. The sergeant never raised his eyes from his watch. As the time went on the chief shifted uneasily. As the end of fifteen minutes drew near the warriors, their squaws and children gathered closely about their chief and the policemen.

The sergeant placed his watch in his pocket. Not a sound was heard. The Indians watched closely to see what he would do. "The time is up, Pie-a-pot," remarked the sergeant gravely. "Come on," he called to the constable with him.

Then he stepped past the old chief. Kicking a few of the lodge poles aside he pulled the heavy tepee over on top of Pie-a-pot. On they went, pulling over tepee after tepee. The Indians, taken by surprise, did nothing. The squaws and children shrieked and cried as they tried to escape from the over-turned lodges.

The policemen came back to the chief's lodge. The old warrior was crawling out from under the heavy leather folds. He was angry but was also ashamed of the sorry picture which he made.

"Now, get out of here!" ordered the sergeant. There was no fight left in Pie-a-pot. The tribe moved within the hour.

Superintendent Steele at Golden

The railway workers themselves, caused the Police much trouble. At Golden, in British Columbia, twelve hundred workers refused to go on with their work until they were paid. They were given part of their wages and promised the rest in a short time. Some returned to work. About seven hundred refused and tried to stop the others working.

Steele was in charge of the Police at Golden. He called the leaders of the workers before him. "You can refuse to work. That is your own business. But I will not permit you to stop those who wish to work. Now, be very careful, because I will be watching everything you do."

The workers paid no attention to his warning. Nearly a week afterwards one of the leaders became drunk and went about making trouble for everyone. Constable Kerr arrested him. Immediately a crowd of workers rushed at the policeman, taking his prisoner away. Since he was only one man against hundreds he returned to barracks and reported to Steele what had happened.

Steele was ill. For days he had been so weak that he had spent much of his time in bed. "We cannot overlook this," he declared from his sick bed. "Call Sergeant Fury."

Fury was a small, middle-aged fiery policeman. He quivered with anger as Steele told him of what had happened. "Now, Fury, take Kerr and another constable and bring that man in! Don't use revolvers, though. We cannot have bloodshed."

Sergeant Fury saluted and off went the little group. Soon they found their man in the midst of his gang of half-drunk workers. They arrested him and started back. Again the crowd rushed them, and again the leader was released.

"Go back to the barracks and tell Steele that we will shoot if you try to arrest me again!" he shouted at Fury.

The sergeant hurried back to the barracks. "Let us use our revolvers," he begged, "and I promise you I will bring that rascal back this time."

Steele raised himself on his bed. "Shoot if necessary, sergeant," he said in an angry voice, "but this time bring back your man!"

Sergeant Fury started off with the two constables. "You get the handcuffs on him, men. I will do any shooting that must be done."

They found their man in a saloon. Soon they had him handcuffed, and were dragging him off towards the barracks. After them surged the angry crowd. As they drew near a little bridge, the workers decided to strike. "Rush them, men," cried one. At that instant some drew knives. Others seized clubs. "Now we will teach these policemen a lesson!" was the cry as they threw themselves forward.

Fury drew his revolver. Just as he did so he heard a shout of anger from behind. He turned. There was Steele, white with his illness, but ready for action. "Listen, men!" he shouted, raising his revolver. Then he went on in a slow, deep voice. "The first man to put his foot on this bridge is going to be shot . . . I am waiting . . . Who will be first?"

The crowd halted. They knew Steele. When he made a promise he would keep it. They waited a moment too long. Fury rushed his prisoner off the bridge and into the barracks. There was no more trouble at Golden.

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"Smith, I think that the train will be in any minute now," said Strong.

Smith hurried into the station. In a few moments Bill heard the sound of a train arriving. Soon a smart-looking officer appeared followed by Constable Smith carrying his baggage.

Sergeant-major Strong stepped down to the sidewalk. "Inspector Jensen," he said, saluting.

"Yes, sergeant-major," was the answer. "I see you have brought the motor down for me. That is a great help."

"Yes, sir, I hope you won't mind company in the back seat. We brought Superintendent Hendry's boy down to the train with us."

"Quite all right," was the answer as the inspector took his seat beside the boy. "You are Superintendent Hendry's son, are you not?" He said to Bill, "I know your father well. What is your first name?"

Soon the inspector and Bill were chatting in a friendly manner as the car rolled along towards the barracks.

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. How did the Indians feel towards the building of the C.P.R.?
2. How was the sergeant able to get Pie-a-pot to move without bloodshed?
3. What was the attitude of the Police towards using their revolvers?

THINGS TO DO

1. Make a collection of Police pictures.
2. Write a dramatization of the meeting of Pie-a-pot and the sergeant.
3. Construct some Indian weapons: Shield. Lance. Maul. Bow. Arrow.

CLASS PROJECT

1. Erect a palisade about the barracks. Use small poplar sticks. Pierce it with loop holes.
2. Decorate the walls of the classroom with a few Indian weapons: Bows, arrows, lances, shields and head-dresses.

CHAPTER 4.

Get Your Man

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"Of course," remarked the assistant-commissioner, "we knew that Constable Harper was a good man. Still, in those few moments, he showed himself one of the coolest men in the Force."

The gray-haired officer was chatting with Superintendent Hendry. They were watching a group of young policemen learning to march and drill under the direction of a harsh-voiced drill sergeant.

"A good man, indeed," answered the superintendent. "It took courage to do what he did."

The assistant-commissioner strolled away. When Mr. Hendry turned to speak to one of the men, he saw his son standing nearby. "Why, hello, Bill. What have you been doing this morning?"

"I have been watching the drill, father. I kept out of the way."

"I know you did, my boy," said his father, placing a hand on the boy's shoulder. "You have behaved very well these last few weeks. The men like to have you about."

"Father, could you tell me about Constable Harper? I did not mean to listen, but I heard the colonel mention his name. Could you tell me what he has done?"

"It is just lunch time now," was the answer. "We shall go home and on the way I shall tell you about Harper."

Harper Does His Duty

Constable Harper is just a young man. He has been with the Police a little more than a year. It seems that a farm laborer killed the farmer who hired him. Harper received an order by telegraph to go to the place of the murder and arrest the murderer.

The young constable rode all night. He arrived at the farm in the early morning. With him was the son of the dead farmer. As he drew nearer to the farm buildings he saw a man armed with a rifle rush into the barn.

"There is your man," exclaimed the farmer's son.

What was Harper to do? He had never had a murder in his district before. He advanced to the barn door. Perhaps the man was waiting inside, his rifle levelled, ready to shoot. He pushed the door inward. No shot answered, so he boldly opened it and went in. The stalls were empty. He looked up. There was a ladder leading to a trap door in the roof. Above was the hay loft.

"Hello," he cried, "Are you up in the loft, Johnson?"

"Yes," came the answer, "And if you want to stay healthy don't try to come up."

"Come now," said the constable, "It will not do you any good to shoot me. Someone else would be on your trail before night. Now, be careful what you do, Johnson. I am coming up."

Harper climbed part way up the ladder. Then he placed his hat on the end of his rifle and thrust it slowly up through the trap door. No shot followed. As quickly as he could he swarmed up the last few rungs of the ladder and into the loft.

"Hands up!" he exclaimed to the surprised Johnson. In half an hour Harper and his prisoner were riding along the road to the nearest prison.

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"He was a brave man," said Bill. "The man might have killed him."

"He was a policeman," answered Mr. Hendry. "He had to arrest the murderer and he did so in the quickest possible way. But it did take courage to climb up that ladder. I think that Constable Harper will soon have a stripe on his

sleeve and be Corporal Harper. He is the kind of man who does not have to wait long for promotion."

That evening at dinner Bill was very quiet. "What is the matter, son?" asked his mother. "You are not eating. Are you not well?"

Bill brought his mind back to his dinner with a start. "Oh, I am sorry, mother, I was thinking about Constable Harper and how he risked his life to arrest that murderer. I wonder whether all policemen are that brave."

"No, they are not," said his father. "Many men would not have acted as quickly. But I think that most of our police are men of courage. They know that they must do their duty. Years ago a commissioner of the Police said: 'We want to make it the hardest Force to get into, and the easiest to get out of in the world.' Sometimes a poor type of man gets into the Police. We find out and let him go as quickly as we can. In that way the quality of men in the Police is kept high."

"Have you told Bill about Inspector Crozier and his work at Poundmaker's reserve?" asked Mrs. Hendry. "I think that he showed both courage and coolness at a very dangerous time."

"Oh, yes, father, please tell me that story."

"Would you like to hear that one too, Bill. Then come into the sitting room and I will tell you about Crozier."

How Crozier Got his Man at Cutknife

The Crees on Poundmaker's reserve, at Cutknife Creek, were holding a sun dance. Many Indians from other reserves had gathered for the great affair. Big Bear was there from Frog Lake with many of his most warlike braves. Even Wandering Spirit, who was later hanged for his part in the Rebellion of 1885, was present. The sun dance was much loved by the Indians. At it they told tales of the war path until they were worked up to the highest pitch of

warlike feeling. That is why the Police no longer permit the sun dance to be held. As Poundmaker's sun dance went on the Indians became hard to control. At last trouble broke out.

An Indian from Big Bear's reserve came to the house of Farm-Instructor Craig. He wanted food for his little son who was ill. He did not want to leave the reserve until the



Superintendent Crozier Gets His Man

sun dance was over. Craig did not have much food on hand.

"No," he answered the Indian, "I cannot give food to anyone who does not live on this reserve. You will have to go to your own reserve at Frog Lake to get food if you have none."

The Indian leaped upon the farm-instructor and knocked him down. Then he beat him with an axe handle. Afterwards he helped himself to as much food as he wanted. Craig complained at once to Superintendent Crozier at Battleford.

Crozier sent Corporal Sleigh to arrest the Indian. The fighting spirit of the tribe was up, however, and they would not allow Sleigh to make the arrest. The policeman hurried back to Battleford to report his failure to the superintendent.

Crozier decided to act at once. In a few hours he rode out of the Police barracks at the head of twenty-four men. When he arrived at Cutknife he seized the government cattle and stores. His men worked all that night turning an old house into a fort. Crozier did not try to take his man at once. The sun dance was nearing its end.

The next morning saw the reserve quiet. The warriors were sleeping for the sun dance was over. Superintendent Crozier visited the tepee of Chief Poundmaker, who had been one of the great war chiefs of the Cree tribe in the early days.

"Poundmaker," he said, "I have come for the man who attacked Craig."

The chief looked at the officer. "My young men are hard to control. The sun dance has brought back to them the spirit of the war path. If you try to arrest one of my tribe, the warriors may attack you and your men. We don't want that to happen."

"I cannot help that," answer Crozier. "If your warriors fire on the Police today you will be very sorry for it."

Every policeman in the west will be riding towards Cutknife tomorrow."

"I know that it might lead to much trouble," answered the worried chief. "But I have told you the truth. My braves are thinking of war, not peace. They will not let you take your man."

"That is your problem," was the stern answer. "I must do my duty. I am going to arrest the man who attacked Craig no matter what happens afterwards."

Crozier returned to his men. He was more worried than he dared show. Could he risk the lives of twenty-four policemen just to arrest one Indian? On the other hand, if the Indians bluffed him this time, it would be impossible to keep law and order later.

"Sir," reported a constable. "Poundmaker has just come to the door. He wishes to see you."

The old chief walked into the room. His face was sad for he knew that Crozier could not ride away without having tried to secure his prisoner. "I am afraid of what may happen," he said. "We have lived at peace with the Police for so long. I know that my young men mean trouble. I am their chief. Take me prisoner instead of the man you want. In this way there will be no bloodshed."

Crozier looked at him coldly. "Poundmaker, I must take away the man who attacked Craig. I know that you mean well, but I cannot take you in his place."

"I feared that would be your answer." The old chief rose. He walked slowly back to the Indian camp. There he was met by a group of young warriors. They talked together in excited tones.

At last Crozier made up his mind. He called for Inspector Graham, who was second-in-command. "Have the men ready for action at once. I am going to the Indian camp with Craig. Lead the men after me in ten minutes."

Crozier rode away with Craig at his side. The Indians hurried from their lodges. When they saw the Police sad-

dling their horses they rushed back into their tepees for their rifles. Crozier's heart fell. Was he sending his men to certain death?

He rode up to Poundmaker. "I told you that I would have to arrest the man who attacked Craig. Where is he?

Craig pointed to an Indian nearby. "There is your man, Superintendent."

Crozier glanced back over his shoulder. The inspector and his twenty-four men were advancing in one long rank towards the camp. Their red coats and smart horses made a striking picture. As they came nearer the Indians started loading their rifles.

Crozier waited until the policemen had formed in a long line behind him. Each man sat erect in his saddle, his rifle ready. The inspector rode up. "We are ready, sir," he said.

"Don't start firing until I give the order," then in a lower voice, "There is just a chance that we may get our man without bloodshed."

He turned towards the Indians. "Poundmaker, I came for this man. Now I am going to take him. If any of your braves fire on the Police today you will be sorry for it as long as you live."

"Don't try to take him now," cried Poundmaker. "I cannot hold my young men!"

Crozier shook his head. He looked back at the Police. Every man was ready and eager for action. Their eyes were on their leader. He glanced about him at the Indians. Their excited voices fell silent. Then he spurred his horse forward to the side of the Indian Craig had pointed out. "I arrest you for attacking Farm-Instructor Craig," he said loudly. The Indian shrank back. He reached down and seized the man by the shoulder. Then, suddenly, he threw him backwards towards the line of policemen. A sergeant leaped from his horse and put handcuffs on the prisoner. Then twelve of the police swung their horses

into a circle about the captured man. The others kept their eyes on the superintendent.

A storm of cries rose from the Indians as they pressed closer and closer. Poundmaker forced his way through the press. He gained a place at the head of Crozier's horse and shouted at his men. "Do not shoot," he cried in Cree. "The Police are only doing their duty. Do not shoot!"

But one Indian was there that day who hated all white men. It was Wandering Spirit, the war chief of the northern Cree. "Are you squaws or warriors?" he shouted angrily. "Are we going to let a handful of Police take a man out of our camp? Fire on them!"

The crowd shouted with rage, but no one fired. Crozier breathed more easily. Then he saw Wandering Spirit raise his rifle. He glared at the superintendent. Inspector Graham's voice rang out in command to the little group of Police, "At the ready, men!" The rifle muzzles of the Police swung towards the war chief.

But it was Big Bear who saved the day. Just as Wandering Spirit's rifle reached his shoulder, the old chief leaped forward and struck the rifle barrel upward. The Indians broke into angry shouts, while Wandering Spirit glared at his chief.

Crozier did not wait. "Withdraw towards our camp," he ordered. Slowly the little troop forced their way out of the press of Indians, their prisoner in their midst. Crozier followed slowly, reining his horse sideways, his eyes always on the Indians.

The moment of danger had passed. The Indians fell into angry discussion. Crozier's bold front had won the day.

As he led his troop back to Battleford that night he chatted with Inspector Graham. "That was a close thing," he said. "I did not think that we could escape so easily. I was afraid that there would be empty saddles on the return march."

"A nice piece of work, sir," answered the inspector.

An old sergeant of the Police smiled grimly. "A nice piece of work. Why, that was the finest bit of police work any of us will ever see."

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"That was a wonderful story," said Bill. "I think I see it now. A good policeman must do his duty no matter what may happen."

"Yes," said his father, "but at the same time he must not do anything foolish. Crozier took a fearful chance for fear that the Indians should lose respect for the Police. The fine thing was that he won."

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. In what way did Harper show that he was a good policeman?
2. How could he have hurt the name of the Force?
3. How does the Force make sure that its men are first class?
4. For what could Crozier be praised in his work at Cutknife? What did he do which could be criticized?

THINGS TO DO

1. Make a plan of the stable showing Harper's capture of his prisoner.
2. Make a plan of Poundmaker's camp, showing how the Police took their prisoner.
3. Make and color a map showing the main Police posts in the north-west.

CLASS PROJECT

1. Erect several Indian tepees at some distance from the Police barracks.
2. Make a large pasteboard man, placing on it the clothes worn by a policeman. Have it standing in one corner of the classroom.

CHAPTER 5.

Almighty Voice

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The sergeants' messroom was crowded. The guest of the evening was Sergeant Mackay, one of the oldest men in the Force. He was a tall, gray-haired man with blue eyes and a gray moustache. The sergeants of the Regina barracks loved to start Mackay talking of the early years of the Police. Sergeant-major Strong had asked Bill to come and listen to the talk.

"What do you think was the hardest piece of police work you have been called upon to tackle, Mackay?" asked Strong.

The old policeman smiled. "That might be a hard question for many policemen to answer. For me it is very easy because there is one case which caused the police of the Prince Albert district more trouble than any other. It was like a bad dream from start to finish. It was the case of Almighty Voice, a bad Indian if ever there was one."

"Won't you tell us the story, Mackay?" asked one of the men.

"Yes, let's have the 'yarn' " cried another.

"All right, men," said the old policeman. "However, I will not be able to make it half as black as it was."

The Hunt for Almighty Voice

Almighty Voice was the son of Sounding Sky, a well-known Cree warrior. He lived on Chief One Arrow's reserve near Batoche. One day in 1895 he was in need of meat. A settler's cow wandered by. He shot it before he remembered that it was against the law. Soon his lodge was "red with meat."

Sergeant Colebrook was sent after him. He arrested Almighty Voice and brought him to Duck Lake for trial. There the judge listened to his story. "One month in prison," was his judgment.

During the first night in prison, he worked his way through a corner of the log building, ran down to the broad Saskatchewan, swam across and escaped. Again Sergeant Colebrook took up his trail. This time a half-breed guide was with him. The Indian found the chase too hot, so he called his squaw to him and made off.

Colebrook came upon Almighty Voice and his squaw in the midst of a little clearing. As he drew near the Indian raised his double-barrelled gun. "Keep away from me," he shouted in Cree, "Keep away or I will fire!"

Colebrook paid no heed to the warning. He had to arrest the Indian. "Do not shoot," he called, holding out both of his hands in sign of peace. "I must take you back to prison. Remember that you have to stay there only for one month."

Then Almighty Voice lost his head. As he saw the policeman riding closer he raised his gun. Colebrook came on steadily. He was within six feet of the Indian when the heavy gun discharged its load into his body. He fell to the ground lifeless. The half-breed guide rode away as fast as his horse could carry him.

Now Almighty Voice was a murderer as well as an escaped prisoner. He hurried away with his squaw and took shelter in the deep woods. For months no one saw him. A reward of one hundred dollars brought no news. Through the winter the scarlet-coated riders combed the country, but no Almighty Voice was found. All next year the search was kept up. Still there came no word of the man the Police wanted. Again spring came. Then in May, 1897, a half-breed scout named Napoleon Venne brought important news to Duck Lake. While riding through a grove of trees he had run into Almighty Voice. He had struck spurs to his horse, but he was too late. Before he won free he had received one bullet in his side while another tore through his hat.

Immediately a troop of police was sent out from Prince Albert with Inspector Allen in command. All that night



Almighty Voice

and the next day they rode until they had covered eighty miles. They were now close to the point where Venne had seen the outlaw Indian.

As they neared a deep bluff or grove of willows and poplars they saw three Indians hurry into its depths. "There goes Almighty Voice" called the inspector. "He has two other Indians with him. This time he will not escape."

He ordered his men to surround the grove. No one could get out without being seen. Then Inspector Allen led a small group of the Police into the woods. Just as he entered a rifle cracked and he reeled back with a bullet in his shoulder. His revolver was out, however, and Almighty Voice received a broken ankle in return.

The inspector fell forward in the deep grass. He raised himself to look into the deep woods and found himself gazing into the black muzzle of a rifle. He thought that he was near death, but a shot rang out from behind and the Indian withdrew behind a clump of trees. The inspector crawled out into the open.

Allen and another policeman, Sergeant Raven, had been wounded. Their wounds were bandaged and then the attack started again. "Try to burn the grove," ordered the inspector. However, the green wood refused to burn.

Three policemen started into the grove. They wormed their way forward on their stomachs. Those who waited outside heard a burst of firing. Then they waited for word of what had happened. They waited in vain, for not one of the three policemen was ever seen alive again. Almighty Voice and his two allies had shot them down as they neared the rifle pit in which they were sheltered.

Two more policemen now entered the dark grove. They kept clear of the open spaces. One, an Irishman named O'Kelly, reached the heart of the woods. There he saw a rifle pit. At the sound of branches moving an Indian leaped to the side of the pit. O'Kelly's rifle sounded and the Indian fell dead. A shot from Almighty Voice tore a spur off the Irishman's shoe.

The other policeman lay in the grass a few feet away. He was sheltered by a tree trunk. He moved his head to see what was happening. A bullet scattered dust and twigs in his face.

The two policemen started to crawl away. On their way out they found the body of one of the three men who had gone in earlier. He was dead.

That night the police guarded every side of the grove. Once Almighty Voice tried to crawl out. Rifle fire drove him back to the centre of the grove.

At midnight they heard a call. It was the outlaw Indian. "My brothers, we have fought today as only brave men fight. Tomorrow we will end it. Now, send us in some food for we are hungry." No answer came from the policemen who guarded the grove.

All that night close guard was kept. Not even a rabbit could have escaped from the grove. All the next day the watch was kept. As night drew near a party of Police arrived from Regina. They brought two cannon with them. The commissioner had ordered that no more lives should be risked if it could be avoided.

The next morning saw the end. On the hills about had gathered many Indians and white men. There sat the wrinkled mother of Almighty Voice, weeping and singing the death song of her son.

As soon as the sun rose the cannon were placed in position. Then, at the command of an officer, they opened fire. Shell followed shell as fast as the guns could be loaded. The cannon did not stop until every foot of the grove had been torn by the exploding shells.

At last came the order, "Cease firing." An officer and ten constables made ready to enter the grove.

"When I give the word, men, follow me. Ready Charge!" Into the grove they plunged. In the heart of the woods they came upon the rifle pit. Three limp figures were lying there. The guns had done their work.

Sadly they carried out the bodies of the Indians. Still more sadly they brought out the bodies of the three policemen who had been killed in the first attack on the grove. Then the Police started on the long trail back to Prince Albert.

As they turned back for one last look at the dark wood, they heard a wail. It was the cry of a woman. The mother of Almighty Voice was wailing a death song for her son who had gone to the Sand Hills.

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"Sharp work, that," said Strong, as Mackay finished. "A nasty business from start to finish. Was it not, Bill?" Bill did not answer. There were still tears in his eyes as he thought of the bitter fight in which so many had been killed.

"By the way, Mackay," said one of the sergeants, "Where were you when all this was going on?"

"I was there, young man," said the old policeman, smiling, "I was there. If you are ever in Prince Albert you may go to the Police grave yard. There you will see the graves of the men killed by Almighty Voice."

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. Could the Police have handled the case of Almighty Voice better?
2. What would the effect of the death of Almighty Voice and his allies be on the rest of the Indians?
3. Why did the commissioner wish the attack on the grove to wait until the cannon arrived?

THINGS TO DO

1. Make a diagram of the grove in which Almighty Voice took shelter. Show the rifle pits, and other points mentioned in the story.
2. Write the words of the death song which the mother of Almighty Voice sung. Do not bother making the lines rhyme.

CLASS PROJECT

1. Place sprigs of evergreen in the sand about the police post. They will serve as trees.
2. Hang pictures of the Police about the room. If they are on thin paper mount them first.

CHAPTER 6.

Heroes of the Snow

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Winter had come! The snow whirled about the parade ground. As the early darkness fell the wind rose until it shrieked and moaned about the house. The Hendry home was warm and bright. Just outside the window, however, was a driving wall of snow. The west was in the grip of one of the worst blizzards in years.

It was Bill's first winter in the west. He sat by the window listening to the wild music of the storm. "Mother," he said, his face against the frosted pane, "Think of it! Tonight, all over Canada, and even in the far north the Police are going about their work. They are riding through the night in their fur caps, buffalo coats and moccasins. Perhaps some of them will be lost and hungry."

"Yes, Bill, a policeman must go when his duty calls him." Mrs. Hendry sat down beside the fire. "I will never forget one night years ago. I said good-by to your father on just such a night as this. I can see it again. He swung into his saddle and disappeared into the darkness and the storm. I feared that he would never return. I was so thankful when he came back three days later, bringing a prisoner with him."

Just then the sound of feet was heard at the door. In came Mr. Hendry with a tall form in a buffalo coat beside him. It was the assistant-commissioner.

"Oh, mother," he called, "I have brought a guest home for dinner."

The gray-haired officer shook her hand. "It is a shame to call on you like this without warning. There is trouble in the north and I wish to stay as close to my office as possible. It is very kind of you and your husband to let me drop in for a bite with your family."

"It is no trouble at all," she responded. "It is always a pleasure to have you with us. But what is the trouble in the north? I had not heard."

"Some of our men are out on a long patrol. I fear that something has happened. I expect word at any moment." The old officer shook his head. "Now, I should not talk of such things before dinner."

When dinner was over the two officers sat long over their cigars and coffee. "No news yet, sir," said Mr. Hendry, "or the sergeant would have brought us word." They listened to the thunder of the storm in silence. In the mind of each was the same thought. What was happening to the lost patrol of policemen trudging through the snows? Would they live through the night?

Bill sat with them at the table. "Do policemen ever lose their way on such a night as this?"

The old officer smiled. "Indeed they do, my boy. I think that your father could tell you a story about getting lost. I remember that we thought he was lost one time down east of Macleod, some years ago."

"Not at all," laughed the superintendent. "My trouble was that snow-filled coulees slowed me down. I was never lost."

"On nights like this I think of that poor boy at Pendant d'Oreille," said the assistant-commissioner. "That was too bad."

"I don't think you have heard that story, Bill," said his father. "It was in the early days of the Police. A young constable had been sent out after strayed horses. He travelled into the Pendant d'Oreille country just east of the Milk river. A blizzard caught him in the wildest part of the country. He lost his way. Then his horse broke its leg falling over the edge of a coulee. At Macleod we had no word of him and decided that he must be lost."

"I took out a search party after the storm was over. The weather was lovely, for a Chinook wind was taking

away the snow. We came on him on the open prairie. In his notebook he had written, "Lost. Horse dead. Am trying to push on. Have done my best."

"Good lad, good lad!" exclaimed the assistant-commissioner. "Now, Hendry, I think that we should go back to the office. Word will be in soon, I hope."

"Father," whispered Bill, "Could I go with you?"

"What was that?" said the old officer. "Certainly, Hendry, bring him along. He is a policeman's son. He wants to hear whether the patrol is safe or not."

Soon they were seated in the comfortable office of the assistant-commissioner. A sergeant appeared at the door. "No further word, sir," he reported.

"Let me know when any word arrives." The sergeant closed the door. The assistant-commissioner lit his pipe.

"Tonight," he said, "I cannot help thinking of another lost patrol. You remember poor Fitzgerald. It was on a night like this in 1911 that we waited for news. Then, of course, Regina was the headquarters of the Police. Fitzgerald was a good man. He had risen from constable to inspector as the result of years of hard work. He was thought one of the best men in the north."

"Did that not happen on the Dawson-Macpherson patrol?" asked Superintendent Hendry. "It was started in 1904, was it not?"

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Yes. The patrol carried mail over a five hundred mile journey. Part of it was through mountains. Inspector Fitzgerald was placed in charge of the patrol late in 1910. He started out from the Fort in December bound for Dawson City. He took with him Constables Kinney and Taylor, and ex-constable Carter as guide. They had three dog teams, five on each sleigh. Superintendent Snyder wired Regina in February that the patrol should have been in weeks before. The commissioner ordered a search party to start at once. Corporal Dempster left Dawson on the 28th of

February. Again came a long period of waiting. Then, here in Regina we received a wire that Dempster's patrol had been sighted by Indians. Word would be sent on to us when it arrived. We sat around the office waiting anxiously.

Far to the north, in Dawson, Superintendent Snyder and his officers were waiting too. A burst of cheering was heard and they rushed out into the night. They saw a single dog team sweep up to the barracks. The dogs fell on the snow, panting as if they had been driven hard. The leader of the search party, Corporal Dempster, came to a halt before the superintendent and saluted smartly.

"Sir, I beg to report the return of the search party sent out to find Inspector Fitzgerald's patrol."

Not a word of what had happened, but his set face gave the superintendent no hope. "Come into the office. Inspector, see that his men have everything they want."

Soon they were seated at a big desk. "Your report, Corporal."

"I am sorry, sir. We found them, but we were too late. They had been dead for weeks."

The superintendent groaned. "Go on, man!"

"We picked up their trail in the pass through the mountains and followed it. We soon saw that they were lost. Carter must have forgotten the trail. They were weak with hunger for they covered only a few miles between camping places. Later we found some dog skin and bones. They were eating their dog team one by one. Farther on we picked up their dispatch bags. They must have been at the end of their strength when they left them behind.

"Then we came to a camp where a blue rag was tied to a bush. There we found the bodies of Constables Kinney and Taylor. They were fearfully thin and had frozen to death. Fitzgerald had left them while he and Constable Carter made a rush to Fort Macpherson for help. Then we came to the last camp, ten miles farther on. There we

found the bodies of Carter and Fitzgerald. Carter had been the first to die. Fitzgerald had carried him away from the fire and crossed his arms on his breast. Then he had taken his place at the fire again. There we found him.

"In his diary I learned that the guide, Carter, had lost his way. They had wandered for weeks until Fitzgerald decided to try to return to Fort Macpherson. Following his trail, superintendent, I know just how hard he tried.



The Dawson - Fort Macpherson Patrol

The sad part of it is that his last camp was within twenty-six miles of the Fort."

The superintendent sat there thinking of the heart-breaking fight which Fitzgerald had made. At last he rose to his feet. "He died like a policeman—doing his duty! Now, Dempster, you have done nobly, and you must be very tired. Take a good rest. I will see you tomorrow."

• • •

In the quiet office of the assistant-commissioner the two officers and the boy sat in silence. "It was a bad business," said Mr. Hendry, at last. "I remember when I was in Fort Macpherson seeing the four graves side by side. They were policemen!"

"I only hope that the news which comes tonight will not be the same story," said the older officer. "I am very much afraid though."

A knock came at the door. The assistant-commissioner straightened in his chair. "Come in!" he called.

The sergeant brought in a telegram. It was opened with hasty fingers. "Oh, well done! well done!" he exclaimed, handing the paper to Hendry.

"What happened? Why Both patrol and search party arrived tonight. Everyone safe! Why, isn't that splendid?"

"We will get a more complete report later," said the assistant-commissioner, his face beaming. "But it is wonderful to know that they are safe."

"Well, Bill, we can go home now. Everything is well in the north. Good night, sir," and Mr. Hendry and his son left the old officer alone rereading the telegram.

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. Describe the winter dress of the Police.
2. How did the Police make camp when on the trail in the Arctic?
3. Write the diary of Corporal Dempster describing his search for Fitzgerald.

THINGS TO DO

1. Make a stencil for the blackboard border. Place on it Indians and policemen.
2. Collect pictures of the Arctic.
3. Make a model of a dog sleigh.
4. Draw a map of the Dawson patrol.

CLASS PROJECT

1. Place a cannon in the central parade ground.
2. Make a blackboard border from the best stencil produced by the class.

CHAPTER 7.

The Finest Police Force in the World

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Spring had come to the west again. The grass and trees were green and fresh. The sun shone down on the busy parade ground where thirty young policemen were formed in line. They had just joined the Force and received their uniforms. Sergeant-major Strong was giving them a talk on keeping their uniforms clean and their equipment shining. "Remember, men, that you are in the Police, now!"

Some of the young men had proved to be very stupid. A group of the older men had sent one of them to the sergeant-major. He had entered that officer's office and asked to be measured for a sentry box. He did not know that the sentry box was the wooden shelter near the gate of the barracks in which the sentry might warm himself on a cold night. He seemed to think that each policeman had one of his own. When he came out of the sergeant-major's office his face was as scarlet as his coat.

The six months of training for the beginners had started. They drilled early and late. They learned to march and to ride and practiced their rifle drill. They listened to lectures on law and a policeman's duty. Morning, noon and night they were busy learning how they must act as members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Whenever they stopped to rest they heard the roar of the drill sergeant asking what was the matter with them.

Through it all moved Bill. He laughed at the awkward beginner who threw his rifle over his shoulder in arms drill. He scoffed at the man who bumped up and down as his horse trotted. Above all he enjoyed the jokes which the men played on one another.

One evening the sergeant-major nodded to him. "Oh, Bill, there is a party of twenty-five men leaving for duty in

the north tomorrow. They are going to be in the sergeant's mess tonight. Drop in, for there will be a great deal of talk about the Police."

At half past seven Bill knocked at the door. "Come in, sergeant," called one of the men. They had learned to call him sergeant because he visited them so often.

The men who were going north were the guests of the sergeants for the evening. Dinner was over and the day's work done. The men loosened their uniforms at the throat and sat back in comfort.

"Good luck, men," said the sergeant-major. "You may think that we have tried to make life hard for you here in Regina. Sometimes it may have seemed so, but it is not true. You joined the force six months ago. What were you then? You couldn't tell one foot from another. You couldn't hit the broad side of a barn two times out of three with a rifle. Today you are ready to go out and do your duty as policemen."

A chorus of shouts followed his speech, but the men seemed to agree with him. They talked of the good fun which they had enjoyed, and also of the hard work. All seemed to be looking forward to starting on their journey north.

"We shall have a cold time of it in the north," said one. "I hope that I won't have to stay there too long."

"Don't worry about that," said Strong. "You are not going to be in the north forever. You may be moved to any one of the six provinces which we police soon. Two or three years in the north will be good experience."

"We now have New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island to police, as well as Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta," said another sergeant. "You may be sent to any one of them after your period of service in the north."

"Then there is the work of the Dominion government," added Strong. "Many of our men are working all over Canada on customs, prevention of smuggling, sale of drugs

and other duties. Often they wear plain clothes for months when they are working on a case."

"Is it true that the Police are using airplanes in the east?" asked one of the young men.

"Yes," answered one of the sergeants. "In Nova Scotia they use planes in watching for smuggling."

"Just think of that," said one of the younger men. "A policeman may use sleighs, canoes, speed boats, motor cars, railway trains, steamships and even planes in doing his work."

"The Police have many duties," said the sergeant-major, "and there are many chances for a hard-working man to win promotion. There never was a time in the history of the Force when a young policeman had a better chance of making a name for himself."

"What is the best advice you could give a young policeman?" asked one of the men who was starting north the next day.

Strong looked at the floor for a moment. "That is a hard question. There are three things, however, which a policeman must always remember. First, he must never talk to an outsider about his work. Keep a close mouth. Second, he must do his duty, no matter how hard or how dangerous it may be. He must not turn back. And last, he must never let the Force down, or do anything which will hurt its name. If you keep these three points in mind you will never be far wrong."

• • •

On the next day there was a smartness and life in the drill. The officers and men seemed anxious to do their best. At lunch Bill's father seemed in a great hurry. "What is the matter today, dad?" asked the boy. "Everyone seems so busy."

"We have just received word that the commissioner is flying to Regina on a trip of inspection. We are getting ready to receive him."

"The commissioner, himself!" exclaimed Bill. "Isn't that wonderful? When will he be here?"

"We expect him in early this afternoon," answered his father. "There will be an inspection of all the police here when he arrives. It will be on the parade ground."

Bill was eagerly watching when word came that the commissioner had arrived. The bugle sounded and the



Canada's Pride — Her Mounted Police

men fell into line. A hurried last-minute inspection showed that every button was shining, and every shoe polished.

A car rolled up to the barracks. Out stepped the commissioner. He was a tall soldierly man with a sharp eye and an alert manner. The assistant-commissioner met him. After saluting they shook hands, for they were old friends. Then they walked out on the parade ground.

Superintendent Hendry was in command of the men. He had already brought them to attention. Their rifles were at the slope over the left shoulder.

"Present . . . arms!" came the sharp command. Their rifles came from the shoulder to be held upright in front of each policeman. Every officer brought his sword to the salute position, the blade held before him.

The commissioner returned the salute.

"Slope . . . arms!" ordered Superintendent Hendry. The rifles came back to their former position on the left shoulder.

Then the commissioner, followed by the assistant-commissioner, walked down the long ranks. Sometimes he paused to chat for a moment with an old policeman. Again he halted to greet a man whose ribbons on his breast told of bravery in France during the Great War.

When the inspection was over the commissioner took a position in front of the body of men. "Ask the men to stand at ease," he said to Superintendent Hendry. "I wish to speak to them."

The order was given and the men took up a more comfortable position.

"Men, I am proud of your appearance today. I am always proud of the fact that I command the finest police force in the world today. With the work of the Dominion government, and with six provinces to police, as well as the great north land, we have most interesting work. It is most important work, too. Every man here today has a chance of promotion. Some may become corporals and sergeants.

Others may become inspectors and superintendents. There may even be a man here today who will some day be your commissioner. Think of the Force; work for the Force; never do anything which could hurt the Force, and promotion will come, I am sure."

He stopped speaking and walked away with the assistant-commissioner. When they reached the offices Superintendent Hendry dismissed the men.

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That night Bill sat by his bedroom window as the darkness fell over the parade ground. He thought again of the parade and the inspection. He saw the men presenting arms and the flashing swords of the officers. He saw the commissioner and heard his words to the men.

This his mind wandered to the men who had started north. Again he thought of Fitzgerald dying in the Arctic snow, of Crozier at Cutknife, of Constable Harper. Picture after picture flitted through his mind as he looked out over the deserted parade ground. In each he saw a policeman doing his duty.

"I am going to be a policeman," he thought. "In a few years I, too, will wear the uniform. What was it Strong said? Never talk about your work; never turn back from duty; never let the Force down."

The clear notes of a bugle floated across the parade ground. It brought its command, "Lights Out!" Bill turned off his light and climbed into bed.

As he felt sleep coming over him, he murmured half asleep and half awake, "I am going to be a policeman."

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. What qualities are desirable in a policeman?
2. Write a short story telling of the day when, at last, Bill joined the Police.

THINGS TO DO

1. Draw a map of Canada showing thereon the territory policed by the R.C.M.P.
2. Make drawings of the uniform and weapons of a policeman of today. Color them.

CLASS PROJECT

1. Draw and paint the coat of arms of the Police on transparent paper. Place copies of the same size in the centre of each of the classroom windows. Color both sides of the coat of arms.
2. Place the motto of the Police on the front blackboard.

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